

PRICE 10 CENTS.

The Smelter.

VOL. I.

KESWICK, CAL., JULY, 1896.

No. 5.

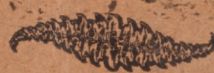
CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Fourth of July....THE EDITOR	I
The Lighthouse and the..... Barque..... MILNER KENNE	4
How to Help in Accidents..... DR. MILLICAN	4
Slag.....	8
Where Cross Roads Meet..... MILNER KENNE	9
On the Track.....	22

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KENNETH W. MILLICAN, B.A., M.R.C.S. : : : : Editor
H. G. HARVEY-WRAY, : : : : : Business Manager

TERMS—\$1.00 per annum, in advance. In the U. S. and Canada, \$1.25 in advance, postage prepaid. Great Britain and Ireland and Australasia, six shilling and sixpence.

Make all cheques and P. O. Orders payable, and address all business correspondence to

H. G. HARVEY-WRAY, Business Manager,
Keswick, California.

Contributions and other literary matter to be addressed to the Editor.

Printed and published for the Proprietors by the FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING COMPANY, Redding, California.

Entered according to an Act of Congress in the year 1896 by Kenneth W. Millican and H. G. Harvey-Wray in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Entered at the Postoffice at Redding as second class matter.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

National festivals form one of the most wholesome factors in National life, for they tend to keep alive the remnant of noble sentiments and emotions, which is fast expiring under the weight of this "practical age." The death of sentiment and emotion would be a catastrophe of awful intensity and consequence. All through this age we see evidence of the desire to decry sentiment, to depose emotion from its proper place in the human economy; to subject the influences of the heart entirely to those of the mind; to become entirely practical in fact to the exclusion of the emotional altogether.

No doubt this is the backswing of the pendulum from a time when the fashion of the age equally unduly elevated the sentimental above the practical, the subjective above the objective. Still, in these latter days there can be no doubt that it has swung us much too far in the opposite direction, and the tendency is to ignore the emotional and passionate element of humanity, in the exclusive devotion

to its physical, practical, matter of fact components.

We see this in many things—this ultra-materialism of the age. The race for wealth; the principles of selfishness which rank supreme among the "legitimate" maxims of business; the ultimate appeal which each one of us makes, whether expressed by us in an individual, a corporate, or a national capacity, to "our own interests" as the final arbiter of our own proper course of action, all point towards an undue depreciation of the higher emotional qualities. Sympathy, disinterestedness, undoubting sincerity, devotedness, loyalty to an ideal, these qualities all seem perilously near dying of inanition in the present age.

Any practice, therefore, any organization which helps ever so little to keep alive the dying embers, is worthy of regard. Not the least important among these are National festivals held in commemoration of great events in National history. They reach *all* classes, where religions of various forms, philosophies, organisations such as Masonry, etc., appeal only to a part.

We are British to the backbone, as loyal to our Sovereign and our country as can well be; but that does not prevent us from recognising in the simple dignity and grand sincerity of the "Declaration of Independence" of July 4th, 1776, the earnestness of purpose and singleness of soul that can alone make either an individual or a nation truly great.

The calm and unruffled serenity of its wording conveys a lesson that might well be taken to heart by many in these latter days.

There is no shrieking hysteria about it, no "jingoism," no state of frantic excitement; just merely a calm, earnest declaration, bear-

ing sincerity upon the very face of it, of inalienable rights, and an expressed determination, firm without defiance, uncompromising without bluster, to defend them at all hazards.

How different is this attitude, with much less cause for forbearance, toward the older country, from that adopted by so many now. The spirit of national antagonism which manifests itself occasionally is, perhaps, the most astonishing thing that strikes a "Britisher" who comes to sojourn in this country. He finds the history of the War of Revolution as taught to the school children here, less a panegyric on, and an example of, the courage, the highmindedness, the devotion, and the subjection of personal interests to great principles, that animated its leaders, than a fostering of a sense of bitter enmity against the descendants of their quondam opponents. Quite otherwise is the history of the period taught to the English boy or girl at school. The history placed before him carefully lays bare before him the mistaken policy of Great Britain in that day, as a thing to be deplored and regretted; and all his sympathies are enlisted on behalf of the Colonists in their struggle, rather than of the former government of the mother country.

Before us, as we write, lies the identical history book from which we were taught at school. Dr. Smith's "Smaller History of England" was, some twenty years ago, by far the most universally used history throughout British schools. And here we propose to quote a few passages from the Eighth edition, dated 1868, in regard to the events of that most momentous period:

"A far more serious imprudence was committed by George Grenville in extending the Stamp Act to the North American Colonies. Those settlements now consisted of thirteen States; namely, the four "New England" Colonies of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Rhode Island; New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia. Each Colony had a Governor and Council appointed by the Crown, and a

house of Assembly elected by the people. They had all made rapid progress in wealth, and they had a population of about two millions of whites, and half a million of coloured people. They were not unwilling to contribute to the expenses of the mother country, but they had special objections to a stamp duty, and they adopted the broad principle of *no taxation without representation*. The alternative which they suggested was, that a demand for contributions should be laid in the King's name before the several houses of Assembly, who would have probably voted annually at least as much as the 10,000£ expected from the stamp duty. The measure was, however, passed in 1765, and even Benjamin Franklin, who was in England as agent for Pennsylvania, had no expectation of the fierce opposition it excited in America." * * *

"To raise the petty sum of 40,000£ towards repairing this loss (the reduction of the land tax), Townsend imposed taxes on tea, glass, paper, and painters' colours in America (1767). The scenes of 1765 were renewed. Riots broke out in Boston. The Assembly of Massachusetts was dissolved for its opposition (July 1, 1768); and associations were formed to forbid the use of the taxed articles. Again, the Government gave way; but *in an evil hour* the tea duty was retained when the others were repealed; and new irritation was roused by the harsh tone in which Lord Hillsborough, the Colonial Secretary, announced the Concession (1769)." * *

"The restriction of the charter of Boston completed the breach between the Government and the Colonies, whose cause was supported in the English Parliament, by Chatham, EDMUND BURKE, and CHARLES JAMES FOX, second son of Lord Holland. *In spite of their warnings*, measures of coercion were adopted, and the first blood was shed at LEXINGTON in a conflict of the Massachusetts militia with the troops of General Gage." * * *

"On the Continent of America the English gained great successes," (this refers to 1781) "but neither their forces nor their tactics were

adequate to subdue *a nation in arms for its freedom*. At length the Americans gained a decisive success by the capitulation of Lord Cornwallis and his army of 7,000 men at Yorktown (October, 1781), and the war was virtually ended on the land." * * *

"It is related, too, of George III, that when, after some delay, he received Mr. Adams, the first Minister from America, he assured him that, 'as he had been the last to consent to a separation, he would be the first to welcome the friendship of the United States as an independent power.' England has since learnt how good a thing it was thus to part in order to form anew the ties which unite free peoples. The products of American wealth have supplied our wants and supported our industry; and we have learned to watch with sympathy the progress and trials of our sister nation."

One more quotation and we have done. In regard to the war of 1812-14, we read:

"Many of the veterans of the Peninsula were sent to reinforce our armies in America, where two more attempts on Canada had failed (1813 and 1814); and our navy had regained its prestige. One most brilliant action was the capture of the frigate *Chesapeake* by Captain BROKE of the *Shannon*, in fifteen minutes, off Boston Harbour (June 1, 1813). On August 15, 1814, General Ross took Washington, and *barbarously burnt the capitol and other public buildings, besides the arsenal and dockyards*. He was repulsed and killed in an attack on Baltimore, and a still more disastrous defeat was suffered at New Orleans in December. *This unnatural war* was concluded by the *Peace of Ghent* (December 24, 1814)."

In these, or similar terms, does the school-boy at home get instilled into him in early years the British national sentiment in regard to the foundation of the United States of America. Would not much future possible antagonism be obviated if the children on this side were taught to concentrate their attention more upon the highmindedness, the courage, the devotion, the earnestness of purpose, and singleness of heart displayed by their great champions, than upon the past

illiberal and oppressive policy (universal in that age) of a nation whose descendants are now taught from their very childhood to sympathise with them in that great struggle which culminated in so grand and dignified a manner by the Declaration of Independence of July 4th, 1776?

The Leech has been duly honored by admission to membership of the Order of Companions of Ananias.

It was on this wise: A party consisting of two Fair Subscribers, the Pioneer, the Leech, and a brace of ex-Consuls were telling yarns in general, each more marvellous than the last. Snake tales were the order of the day at first, until after an unusually lurid one, from him of Hong Kong, he of Yokohama observed that the intimate relation between Snake tales and Cocktails was remarkable, and that he supposed the whisky was extra bad in Hong Kong.

Then, by way of changing the subject, he told us some fairy tales about the rapid growth of bamboo.

"I assure you," said he "that on one occasion we tied a piece of worsted round some bamboo shoots, close to the ground, before going into the Club to lunch, and when we came out, the bamboo had risen eighteen inches from the ground."

He of Hong Kong gasped. But the Leech, with that valor which ever distinguishes him, rushed boldly to the defence of the breach.

"In Singapore," he said, "we had bamboo just outside the house. We used to sit in the upper veranda, and when we wanted whiskies and sodas, the boy had only to lay the tray on the bamboo shoots, and they grew up with it like an elevator."

Then Hong Kong and Yokohama concluded that even a term of Consular Service fails to make a really expert liar.

Why is a miner like a dead man?
Because his dream of life is ore.

THE LIGHTHOUSE AND THE BARQUE.

An Idyll.

A lonely Barque in the tempest dark
Tossed by the angry sea,
Saw the beacon light, in flashes bright,
From a lighthouse on its lee.

And it yearned with love to that light above,
And would fain have lingered near,
For the rays that sped from it, comfort shed
O'er the watery waste so drear.

But it loved in vain. For across the main
The warning waves made moan—
"Beware the light! Though its eyes be bright
They shine o'er a heart of stone."

Then well it knew that the waves spake true;
So, crushing an anguished heart,
The Barque sped on through the night alone,
And thus they passed apart.

MILNER KENNE.

HOW TO HELP IN ACCIDENTS.

By Kenneth W. Millican, M.D., M.R.C.S.

[Continued.]

Before leaving the subject of wounds, we may add a few words with special reference to the varieties of wounds, enumerated above (April number, page 13). These were incised, contused, lacerated, punctured, and poisoned wounds. As regards incised wounds, we have little to add to what has already been written. A clean incised wound has a natural tendency to heal, provided only bleeding be stopped, all foreign matter, including blood clot, removed, and the edges brought and retained in contact. Mention may, however, here be made of extract of Hamamelis or witch hazel, a colourless fluid with a peculiar and unmistakeable odour when once recognised, that has extraordinary power of controlling *oozing* of blood, and, undoubtedly, materially aids in the repair of wounds. It is one of those things, of which a list will later be given, which should be kept on hand by some one in all places remote from a doctor. Its uses are very varied. Compound Tincture of Benzoin, too, (Friar's Balsam) is another valuable preparation which may be used with great benefit to superficial wounds after a careful cleansing. It, too, has many uses, and is a most valuable inmate of any medicine chest.

Contused Wounds are more serious than incised ones. Here the injury done to the

bruised tissues at the margins often causes them to slough or die, and they thus act doubly prejudicially, by playing the irritating part of a foreign body, and also forming a convenient soil just suited to the growth and development of germs. The common method of treatment has been the application of poultices of flax-seed meal, bread, onions, yeast, etc., to hasten the separation of the dead parts. This it will do, but it is a dirty method, and one moreover that is almost inevitably followed by suppuration, the thing which modern surgery most especially desires to avoid.

Hot fomentations with water that has been allowed to boil and cool, previously steamed or boiled rags being wrung out with it by cleansed hands, and applied are much better. The fomentations should be covered with a piece of oiled silk or gutta percha tissue to retain the heat and moisture, and over these a rubber hot water bottle filled with hot water may, with advantage, be placed if obtainable. In some situations an ordinary wine or spirit bottle filled with hot water and covered with flannel may be used as a substitute where it can be laid against the wound instead of being placed on it. Should corrosive sublimate gauze of a strength of 1 to 1,000 be at hand, and it also is among the desirable things to keep, it is better still than steamed rags to apply to the wound, having been previously moistened in warm, boiled water. Or the rags may have been wrung out in a *hot* corrosive sublimate solution made by putting one of Parke Davis' pellets into the pint or quart of water, or in hot Condyl's fluid (permanganate of potash) of a deep ruby colour, or in a hot solution of Carbolic acid, 1 to 60, or of iodine tincture to a deep sherry colour in boiled water, or a hot saturated solution of Boracic acid. Over these should be placed the oil silk or rubber tissue, and, if possible, the hot water bottle. The fomentation should be kept warm and moist by wringing out at intervals in fresh hot fluid. Of whatever kind is used, the coverings being subsequently replaced.

Immersion in a bath of any of the above fluids that have been boiled, and allow to cool

down to a bearable temperature is another excellent plan where it can be adopted.

Where all the sloughs have, under this treatment, come away, there should remain a clear, pink, granular surface which, if dusted with iodoform and covered with corrosive sublimate gauze or steamed rags, and fair but not too tight pressure applied by means of a bandage, should fill up quickly and skin over. Where possible, opposite granulating surfaces, if a wound be deep, may be brought together a little by the aid of plaster, or stitches inserted with due precautions as directed in the June number, page 7, or zinc, or Boracic, or other healing ointment may be applied, though this is a messy method.

Lacerated Wounds, where the edges are torn rather than clean cut, may be treated in a manner similar to contused wounds.

Punctured Wounds. These more than any need attention to prevent them becoming poisoned. A common household way—rather heroic—is to pour in oil of turpentine. The main principles in these wounds are thorough

cleansing, removal of foreign bodies, drainage and not allowing the surface to heal over before the wound is filled up. The proper way, adopted by the surgeon, is to incise the wound, that is, to lay it freely open to the extent of its depth. For the inexperienced hand, however, remote from medical aid, and who, therefore, must do something, the best plan would be with a surgically clean knife to *slightly* enlarge the aperture on two opposite sides, flush with one of the hot disinfecting solutions, then pack, not too tightly, from the bottom up, with steamed rags wrung out in hot antiseptic lotion, or with corrosive sublimate gauze, which will act as a drain, and at the same time keep the surface from closing over.

Poisoned Wounds are of various kinds—such as those produced by cutting with a dirty knife, a butcher's, for instance; wounds due to snake bites and insect stings; and the wounds of germ infection, such as hydrophobia from mad dogs, glanders from horses, etc.

If a wound of the first kind be inflicted, it

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should, if only a puncture, be enlarged with a *clean* knife, and well washed under a stream of water, or disinfectant solution if handy, poured from a pitcher—then it may be sucked till blood is drawn. Apply strong Carbolic acid, or Condy's fluid, and dress it with iodoform dusted over it, and steamed rags, etc., as other wounds.

For snake bites, apply at once one or more bands at intervals above the wound, *i. e.*, nearer the trunk if on a limb, so as to prevent the poison from entering the system in quantity, and so gain time for further measures. Then, *if there be no breach of surface* of the red lining membrane of the mouth and lips, suck out as much of the poison as possible and spit it out. The wound should be excised with a knife, and bleeding allowed for a minute or two. Then cauterise it by pure Carbolic acid, or, better still, by a hot iron or a fire ember. Hunters often put some gunpowder on the raw excised place and ignite it. Should the bite be in a finger or a toe, it is worth while to amputate the member. An

elastic band doubled and passed over it forms a good primary constrictor, and others can be made out of pocket handkerchiefs, etc., and applied above the ankle or wrist. Above all, stimulate. Alcohol, in almost any form, may be taken freely. Whiskey, rum, brandy, gin, even ordinary rectified alcohol diluted with water.

Various specifics have at different times and places been much vaunted, but all have turned out disappointing in the end. Indians often use a small weed called Snakeweed, which they chew up and then apply as a poultice.

For stings of bees, mosquitos, etc., the best remedy would appear to be the application of rags wet with witch hazel, which may also be taken internally from ten drops to a teaspoonful for a dose. Hot solutions of baking soda are also good, as are spirits of camphor, vaseline, coal oil, and ammonia and water. If the more poisonous insects such as centipedes, tarantulas, scorpions, etc., have done the mischief, it is well to treat the wound in a similar, though milder manner, to that employed for

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poisonous snakes. Tie one or more bandages *above* the wound, make a cross incision with a knife so that its centre comes over the puncture, encourage it to bleed with *warm*—not hot—applications, and apply pure Carbolic acid or Nitric acid (the latter, of course, very carefully), or cauterise as described above, and stimulate very freely with alcohol.

Bites of animals as cats, dogs, or horses, should be treated by an incision, if necessary, and well cauterised with pure Carbolic acid, Nitric acid (being careful not to use enough to run), or a hot iron or ember, as directed for snake bites, if the animal is supposed to have rabies, or, as it is commonly termed, to be mad. But first of all in these cases also a band should be tied fairly tight round the limb to prevent absorption of the poison.

A skin abrasion infected by a glandered horse should be treated in a similar manner.

It may be desirable to add a few words on the peculiar characteristics of **gunshot wounds**. The results of these wounds are so various and require such very different treatment under different circumstances that it is impossible to do more than give the most general directions. The wound of entrance of a bullet is usually round, small, and depressed, and it is commonly surrounded by the discoloured appearance of a bruise; while the aperture whence the ball leaves, if it passes through, is torn and lacerated, the edges turned outwards, irregular in shape, and large. The common characteristic is usually 'shock' or collapse. The special symptoms depend, of course, upon the part struck and the damage done to internal parts in its course. There is not, as a rule, much bleeding unless a blood vessel of some size is wounded—in which case the chief symptoms will be those of bleeding. A great danger is that the bullet may have carried a portion of the clothing or other foreign body before it, which may remain in the wound and set up irritation. Bones may be broken, in which case the injury will be of the nature of a 'compound comminuted fracture,' to be described hereafter.

The first and most important point is *not* to

attempt to probe the wound, unless the ball lies very near the surface, when a carefully cleansed finger (as described in the June number) may be inserted with caution, and if the bullet be found quite superficial, attempts may be made to remove it with a pair of boiled forceps—also any clothing or other foreign body pushed in before it.

Should there be much 'shock,' endeavor to restore action. Alcohol may be given and hot bottles placed to the extremities. If bleeding is considerable and of the spouting or welling character, indicating injury to an important artery or vein, an effort should be made to find the bleeding vessel and tie it. Other bleeding may be checked by pressure, as prescribed in the section on that subject. The dressing should be conducted on the principles already described. Cleanse the parts thoroughly with an antiseptic solution, also the operator's hands. Boil any instrument used and steam dressings. Then irrigate the wound with hot Carbolic solution, 1 per cent, rose coloured Condly's solution, or corrosive sublimate solution, about 1 in 1,000. Keep the wound *lightly* packed with strips of steamed rags, or corrosive sublimate, or iodoform gauze, having previously dusted in some iodoform powder, and cover with a pad of absorbent cotton or steamed rags and bandage.

If any important vessel is injured, or if the bone is broken, amputation will probably be required—apart from which the chances of recovery are not very favorable. If the bullet has penetrated the abdomen or chest there is but little that the lay person can do. The risks attendant on such operative measures as the surgeon might possibly undertake are so great that in incompetent hands, at any rate, the patient would stand a better chance if left alone. Rest, removal of shock, and the administration of a grain of opium, or 15 to 20 drops of laudanum for an adult (diminished according to the dosage scale to be hereafter given for children), every 3 or 4 hours for three or four doses, coupled with dressing the wounds by the insertion of strips of steamed rag, or gauze, and covering with an absorbent

pad of cotton or steamed rag, is about the best that can be attempted by the non-professional aider.

Bullets are very often turned aside in their course by the thick membranous fascia, which lies underneath the skin and above the muscles, and in that case a bullet may travel round in the abdominal walls and come out at the back without having really penetrated the abdomen.

A charge of shot fired at a near range is more destructive than a bullet; but if fired from a further distance the pellets spread more and do not enter so deeply, remaining, as a rule, beneath the skin.

[To be Continued.]

They wanted an electrician at Keswick. Of course, there were lots of applicants.

"What experience have you had?" asked the Dominie of one.

"Shure Oi've been struck by lightenin'!" was his response.

SLAG.

MRS. LEECH: Will you never stop reading, dear? You seem to devote all your attention to books, now.

LEECH: Well, my dear, this is a very important subject, and I'm much interested in it.

MRS. LEECH (*regretfully*): I wish I were a book.

LEECH (*absently*): So do I, dear — an almanac.

MRS. LEECH (*surprised*): An almanac! Why, my love?

LEECH: Because then I could have a new one every — When will that tea be ready, Esmeralda?

The Macnab is a man of ideas as becomes a business man. He went into Redding the other day and called in at a store.

"Aa say, maister," he said, "aa want a pack o' cairds—an' aa'd laike 'em all trumps."

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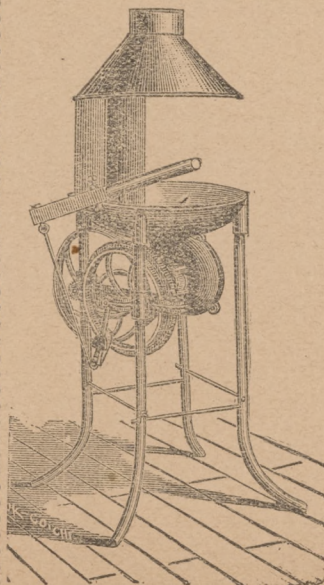
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The Keswick Dramatic Club was bent upon producing a play.

The Leech was stage manager. Quoth he to the Antipodean: "You will play Scoggins."

"But I haven't seen the play," responded the Australian actor. "Do you think I'd catch on with the audience?"

"Immensely," replied the Leech. "You die in the first act, you know."

"Ah! me!" sighed the Magnate.

"What's up?" asked Bluff.

"Nothing particular," replied the man of railroads, "but a man always remembers the first girl he ever loved."

"Yes, but if he's wise," interposed Dry Hash, "he doesn't tell his wife about her."

The Lord Chief Justice came up to the Junior Sub in Redding a few days ago, and in a most mysterious manner handed him a letter saying, "I've got a 'writ of attachment' for you."

The Junior Sub paled as a more courageous man might have done, and seizing the letter, opened it with trembling hands.

Then he turned a ghastly green, and laughed a feeble laugh in echo to the Lord Chief Justice's guffaw, as he recognised a *billet doux* from one of his best girls.

It was at the Young Men's Christian Association at Los Angeles that a stranger with the map of Ireland indelibly impressed upon his countenance, enquired where the *women's* Y. M. C. A. was.

The Leech is great on "low diet." Having got a poor mortal in his clutches with Typhoid fever, after many weary days of starvation (for the patient), he relented and said:

"Well, my man, would you like a small chicken to-day?"

"Indeed I should," replied the invalid.

"Well," said the Leech, "what shall it be stuffed with?"

"Another chicken, please, sir," replied the empty one.

WHERE CROSS ROADS MEET.

The *Centaur* lay alongside the Tanjong Pagar wharf at Singapore. All was bustle and confusion on the wharf, for the "Blue Funnel" boat was to sail forthwith. Malay coolies were chattering or running up and down the vessel's side, ropes were creaking, the harsh whirring of the winch as the derrick hoisted on board the last of the cargo grated unmusically on the ear, the sun shone with his accustomed fierceness, while the moist, muggy atmosphere only made the temperature (which was actually 101°) unbearable, the mosquitoes "zunned" around with malicious intent, and coaldust-laden atmosphere irritated the nostrils.

Unmindful of all these annoyances, three people sat under the awning on the poop engaged in earnest conversation. They were two men and a woman. The elder of the two men, Doctor Shaw, was a veteran practitioner of Singapore, whose furrowed, dark, sunburnt face told of years of exposure to Tropical suns. His white linen attire and pith helmet gave him a cool look, which contrasted markedly with the heated appearance of the younger man. Dr. Cameron, the medical officer of the *Centaur*, was a tall, slim, handsome fellow of some eight and twenty years, stalwart and athletic in build, with a face whose recent burning gave him a bright coppery complexion. He was clean shaven with a clearly cut profile, a mobile mouth, keen, grey eyes, close cropped wavy light brown hair—a face that altogether gave one the impression of depth and strength. He wore the customary blue serge suit of a ship's officer, and a sailor's peaked cap with the Company's badge.

The girl who completed the trio was singularly attractive. Reclining at full length on a wicker deck lounge, her tall, slender, graceful form, dressed in a plain white muslin gown, showed itself off to perfection. Her features were scarcely beautiful in the sense of regularity, but there was an open frankness about them, and a decision of character which gave form and stability to the dreamy wistfulness of her violet grey eyes. Her crowning glory,

however, lay in her wealth of wavy deep chestnut hair, which was gathered up in a knot at the nape of her neck.

"Well, Dr. Cameron," the elder man was saying, "I am glad that I have seen you personally and talked this little matter over. I shall leave my young friend in your charge now with an easy mind." And the kindly old man gave her a gentle pat on the shoulder that caused her to look up quickly with an appreciative smile.

"You may trust me, Dr. Shaw, to pay every attention to Miss Armstrong's comfort. I'll look after her like a—father," said the young man with an air of conscious dignity.

Dr. Shaw laughed, a good humoured cynical laugh; while an amused smile crept over the girl's face, dissipating for a while the undercurrent of sadness which it usually wore.

Leaving their companion for a moment, the two men wandered off a little, the elder taking the initiative as though he had still something

further to communicate. When they were out of earshot the elder one said:

"One thing I wouldn't mention before her, Cameron. We have agreed to put Miss Armstrong's condition down to the climate; but between ourselves, I believe there is a sore heart at the bottom of it. Of course, I haven't pryed into her affairs. As I told you, the people she was with as a sort of governess-companion are very fond of her, but even they could give me very little aid as to her private life. They had advertised before leaving home for a governess, and Miss Armstrong applied. There was a look of deepseated sadness about her and of wistful entreaty that captured Mrs. Story's heart at once, and she was engaged, and her privacy has been respected."

At this juncture the bell rang as a signal to clear the ship. So, rejoining their companion, the veteran practitioner took his leave, and after a bumper of champagne and seltzer with Dr. Cameron, to wish them *bon voyage*, de-

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scended the gangway, and jumping into a "Rickshaw," rapidly disappeared from view.

Dr. Cameron returned to the poop and seated himself in a deck chair near Miss Armstrong. He noticed, as she looked up to welcome him, that her smile came from eyes suffused with tears, like the sunshine through an April shower.

"You seem to regret leaving Singapore, Miss Armstrong," he said.

"Well, of course," she replied, "I do feel it a little. The Storys have been very good to me, and I have had a very pleasant two years here. But I fancy it is not so much what I am leaving as the uncertainty of what I am going to, that causes the little exhibition of feminine weakness in which you surprised me."

"But you will be glad to rejoin your friends at home," he said.

"I have no friends," she replied simply, and there was a melancholy ring in her voice. "At least, no very near ones. My parents are dead, and I have no brothers or sisters."

Dr. Cameron was tempted to ask why, in that case, she was leaving Singapore where she was admittedly happy, and tempting fate by going back to a place where she had no prospects, and apparently no ties. But he reflected that on so short an acquaintance such a question would be an impertinence. So he contented himself with saying: "Well, perhaps, you will be returning here bye and bye—if so, I hope it may be my good fortune to bring you on my ship."

"I don't know," she replied, "my future is all dark and uncertain. I scarcely care to look forward."

Finding that all conversation about herself seemed unwelcome, Dr. Cameron lapsed into a general chat. He was a good conversationalist and a general favourite with passengers, though the "Blue Funnel" line does not carry a large number as a rule, being primarily cargo ships.

The steward came forward with some letters in his hand. "Beg pardon, Doctor," he said, "but the mail came in last night, and these letters have just arrived in time to catch us

before we sail." And with that he handed three to Dr. Cameron, who merely thanking him, put them in his pocket without looking at them.

Soon the vessel was under weigh, and threading its way through the narrow channels. The entrance to Singapore Harbour is one of the loveliest sights in the world. Innumerable islets dotted about in every direction, and covered with foliage that runs right down to the waters edge, stud the glistening water way. Some of them are occupied by picturesque Malay villages, while others are crowned by solitary houses of differing degrees of pretensions, from that of the deposed Maharajah to less imposing edifices. In and out among and between these islands, the *Centaur* wound her way until the open sea was reached, whence she coasted onwards towards Penang.

Dr. Cameron and Miss Armstrong were not long in establishing a friendly understanding. She was decidedly unconventional, and without any vestige of affectation; and under the stimulating influence of conversation, aided by the redundancy of topics afforded by the lovely panorama which was being gradually unfolded before them, reserve and timidity soon broke down. She realized in him a kindly, sympathetic nature that could be interested without obtrusiveness, and intimate without familiarity; while he saw in her that type of girl which to him was specially attractive, viz.: a character that had grown out strong and vigorous by natural development on the lines of its own individuality, unmutated by the moulding process of conventional respectability.

They remained together on deck chatting pleasantly till the bell rang for tiffin, when they separated for their respective cabins.

Arrived in his cabin, Archie Cameron took his letters out of his pocket and scrutinised the envelopes. The writing on one of them brought a flush to his cheek. Twenty-four hours ago he would have opened it eagerly; now he examined the postmarks, noted the date, poised it for its weight, and finally, with

a sigh, laid it down unopened, and proceeded to tidy himself up for tiffin.

This long-delayed letter for which he had enquired so eagerly at port after port on the way back from Shanghai; which, even on the outward journey, owing to the quicker mail transit by the overland route, he had hoped to find awaiting him at Suez or even Port Said, now that it had come, he could scarcely bring himself to open it. It was not that he was so fickle that a few minutes only of another girl's society has sufficed to work a change in him. But ever since she had gone on the stage, elated by her success in private theatricals, this fiancée of his, he had noted the gradual but continuous progress of a change in her character, a change by no means pleasing to him. He had often rallied her in earlier days on her conventionality, on her slavery to ordained ideas, her want of independence; and now she had developed a *bizarrie*, a tendency to the *outré* and daring which she was pleased to term originality, and concerning

which she complained of his inconsistency in lack of appreciation.

As a matter of fact, like so many who ape "bohemianism," she had not changed her motives one whit. The details of her behaviour had altered, that was all; she had exchanged a slavery to one kind of conventionality, for slavery to another kind—and that of an even less acceptable type. Where she had been wont servilely to bend to the dictates of respectability, she now in equally servile obedience to the dictates of so called "bohemianism," treated them with obtrusive defiance. True bohemianism has no element of defiance in it. It opposes nothing, except a restraint placed on itself in matters which are no concern of any one else's. Should the ordinary customs of conventionality happen to coincide with the predilections of individuality, there is no thought of diverging from them. Should they antagonise such predilections, there is still no heed paid to them. In either case the conventional canon is neither followed nor defied. It is simply ignored from

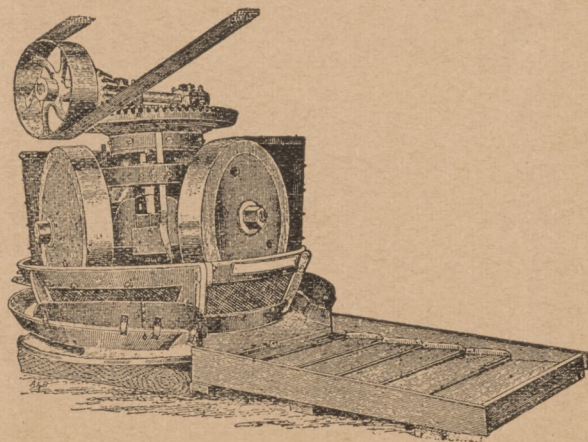
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absolute indifference; individuality is allowed free play, that is all. There is no single art, fashion, or mannerism of which it can be predicted that it is "bohemian," and those who affect eccentricities of various kinds from a desire to appear so, usually render themselves contemptible to your real bohemian, as they are offensive to the dulness of the deadly respectable.

Archie had noticed with pain, in his fiancée, a general falling off in this respect, which had led while in England to some sharp altercation between them; and having to start earlier than he expected, by reason of the advance in the date of sailing of the *Centaur*, had been compelled to come away before a thorough reconciliation and understanding had been effected. He wrote to her the night before he sailed, and fully expected a letter to reach him en route. But when Suez was passed and no letter came, and none had arrived at Singapore by the faster P. and O. boat on the voyage out, he had possessed his soul in patience, not, however, without some slight resentment and a sense of being badly treated, and had awaited the accumulated mails that should meet him at various ports on the return journey.

At last the long expected letter had come, but he was no longer eager for it. It brought back all the subject of the contention, and caused him to contrast unfavorably his fiancée's defiant eccentricity and loudness, with the natural spontaneous individuality and freedom from conventional slavery of his new companion. And he felt a sense of bitterness in his heart as he deliberately left the letter unopened, and going into the saloon to tiffin, found Miss Armstrong already seated next his vacant chair.

The afternoon only served to increase Archie's admiration of Miss Armstrong, and it was with something like a shock that he discovered on retiring for the night, that his letters lay still unopened. With deliberation he perused two of them, and then came at last the necessity which would no longer be postponed of reading that one for which he

had so long and anxiously waited, and which, from a sense of foreboding, he now seemed reluctant to open.

With a sudden movement, as of dedicating himself to an unpleasant task, he tore open the envelope and began to read. As he did so his face first paled, then flushed, and his eyes sparkled; while his lips became firmly set, and the letter fluttered to the floor. He was seated on a folding camp stool, and placing his elbows on his knees, he rested his chin between his open hands and sat gazing absently before him.

The letter read as follows:

FRIVOLITY THEATRE, LONDON,
March 25th, 1890.

My Dear Archie:—

I have delayed sometime answering your last letter, which bade me a cavalier "good bye" when you left England. You say you had no time to arrange to see me before you left, which may of course be true, but I never before knew you to fail to do anything you particularly wished to do merely from lack of opportunity. Meanwhile, I have been reflecting seriously over the scene which took place the last time we met, when you took me to supper after the theatre. As you know, I hate "scenes," and above all things I detest being dictated to or taken possession of as though I belonged to anybody, instead of being an independent young woman with a will of my own. At one time, when I lived at home the ordinary life of an English girl, you used to tease me for being a "boarding school miss with no tastes beyond dress and the ineptitudes of society." Now that I have adopted a line of life which calls for the exercise of individuality and growth of character, you are pleased to consider my freedom from restraint "unlady-like" and my independence eccentric and *outré*, not to say vulgar.

Archie, I have arrived solemnly at the conclusion that we are totally unsuited to each other. I am selfwilled, independent, rebellious if you like; but you, in my opinion, are dictatorial and exacting. Such men as you *ought* to marry those very same bread and butter boarding school misses you affect to despise, who will say "bo!" when you say "bo!" read nothing they are not permitted to, go nowhere "unescorted," in other words without a spy, and, altogether, make inanities of themselves.

I suppose I ought also to tell you that I have found someone else who will be more likely to run satisfactorily in double harness with me than you would have done. He is well enough off to keep me properly, not at all *exigeant*, likely to go his way and let me go mine, and appears rather to delight in those little ways which are so *outré* as to offend your more fastidious tastes. Moreover, he distinctly understands what I fear you would never learn, viz., that I do not propose to be dictated to by any one, least of all, by a husband.

All things considered, we had better, therefore, consider our engagement at an end. You're a good, honest, straightforward sort of a chap, I am bound to admit that, and for the right woman, would no doubt make an ideal lover; but I am not she. I am glad I found it out in time, or we should have finished up sooner or later with a divorce court scandal to which the newspapers would have given more than ordinary prominence because an actress happened to be concerned in it. But if I am glad, how grateful to me you ought to be for having spared you from the greatest mistake of your life.

Be a sensible man and see the thing as I have put it before you, and please don't let us have any dramatic "scenes"; I hate "shop" off the stage. As a friend, you are a good sort and I shall be proud to keep you, because in that capacity you won't feel it necessary to dominate.

When you come back, call and see me at the theatre, and tell me you think I have taken a very wise course, and one for your benefit—no less than my own. Good bye, Archie. Don't forget we are still friends.

Yours sincerely,

BELLE.

An hour elapsed before Archie rose from his chair. Then leaning over his bunk he took down a little fancy silver frame, removed the portrait of a certainly very handsome girl, looked at it fixedly for a few moments; sighed—whether with regret or content he could scarcely have told himself—and opening a despatch case, placed the photo therein. Then replacing the now empty frame, he turned in, and was soon fast asleep.

* * * * *

The next day but one they arrived at Penang Island, whose surface, foliage-covered from summit to sea level, makes it look in the

distance like a mossy bank. Dr. Cameron, seated on the poop in a chair alongside of Miss Armstrong, pointed out to her the principal features. As they entered the strait a thunderstorm came on, rising with startling suddenness, while the lurid and leaden sky, the pale lincoln green water shining brilliantly, and capped by land on either side, of a livid hue, gave an imposing aspect to the scene.

"How beautiful it looks," exclaimed Miss Armstrong, "shall we have time to see anything of the island?"

"I hope so," replied Dr. Cameron, "we shall probably stay at least a day here, and when I have ascertained from the Captain, I hope I shall have the pleasure of escorting you to the Waterfall. It is the great show place here, and is well worth a visit. Will you come?"

"I should be delighted," answered Miss Armstrong, "but ——" and she paused in some embarrassment.

"But you have no chaperone, you were about to say. That difficulty is easily remedied. The missionary and his wife would be only too glad, I feel sure, to make up a party with us, and with such company——" he said and smiled. The sentence remained unfinished. She waited a moment, and then said archly:

"But are you sure I should not be in the way? Or, perhaps, you think I might take charge of the missionary for you."

"Heaven forbid!" replied Archie with an amount of pious fervour that was ludicrous to behold.

"Well, I don't know," she answered with an amused smile. "You said at dinner last night, you know, that married women were always more attractive than single ones, because the latter were usually insipid and wanting in character, or pert and obtrusive in their efforts to simulate it."

"Did I say anything so rude?" asked Archie, reddening guiltily, even through his sunburnt countenance. His remark had been made *sotto voce* to the Captain, who had been rallying him good humoredly on his marked inter-

est in Miss Armstrong, and he did not imagine she could have heard it. "Did I say that?" he repeated with an air of mock horror.

"Oh, I didn't hear it myself, you know," she replied, "it was Captain Blake who gave you away."

"Oh, is that all," said Archie, with evident relief. "My dear Miss Armstrong, let me warn you once for all, that if you are going to put any faith in Captain Blake's stories, you will soon be as full of modern antiques as a Wardour street furniture shop. But come now," he broke off suddenly, "are we to go to the waterfall to-morrow, or not?"

"Why, certainly," she responded, "if you can make up a party."

"That's good. Then consider it fixed. I will see the Captain, and tell you later about details."

The next morning saw the party early ashore. The *Centaur* lay about a quarter of a mile out, and they had to be rowed across in a *sampan* or native flat-bottomed boat. Engaging two *gharries*, a sort of four-wheeled hack drawn by two little ponies, they drove a few miles along a road clothed with tropical trees on either side, and having on both sides the residences of wealthy Europeans and Chinese. The houses which commonly stood back were generally white or cream coloured, with red tiled roofs, a portico at the doorway, and over the portico a verandah. Occasionally the verandah ran all round the house on both stories, being closed in with green Venetian shutters. The gardens were, as a rule, well laid out, and the palms and other forest trees gave a look of grandeur, not only to the house, but to the road along which they formed a graceful avenue. Passing granite quarries on either hand as they proceeded, they came at the end of the road to a sort of dilapidated gateway without any gate, marking what would appear to be the entrance to some "grounds." On entering, they found themselves in a park-like domain, richly clothed with foliage of the most luxuriant character. The roads, cleared through the bushes and trees, were sandy, and

the ground on either side beautifully feathered with ferns.

They came at length to the rocky bed of a river, now almost dry, the water having been diverted into iron pipes, half buried in the sand, through which it was conveyed to Georgetown. Uphill they wended their way, stopping at times either to take breath, or to admire the view, until they arrived at a reservoir at the foot of the fall, which serves to collect the water for transference by the above-mentioned pipes. Mounting a number of steps formed by laying logs across the path and filling up to their level with sand, the party at length arrived at the base of a cliff some hundred feet in height, over which the watery torrent fell into the reservoir below. From a chalet close by there came a *kling* (native) to offer them a glass of water, when suddenly he stopped with staring eyes, and pointing to where Miss Armstrong was stooping to pick up her pocket handkerchief, he cried *ular! ular!* (a snake! a snake!) Archie turned rapidly and saw the reptile about to strike. Miss Armstrong was either unconscious of it or paralysed. Fortunately, he happened to have a stick, with which he hit the snake violently as it struck at her hand. She gave a startled cry, and jumping back, instantly placed her finger in her mouth, as one is instinctively apt to do on injury. Leaving the wounded snake to be dispatched by the *kling*, Archie rushed at once to Miss Armstrong, and without a word, grasped her finger and the wrist above so tightly as to cause her to cry out. By this time the others, hearing the cries, were at hand.

"A piece of string, quick, or an elastic band," said Archie. The string, fortunately, was soon secured.

"Tie it around the root of the finger, above my fingers, tight," he said. The missionary did so. That being done, he himself sucked out the wound, and then with a pen knife made a crucial incision. His blow had, fortunately, lessened the damage, for the snake had merely abraded the surface of the skin without puncturing deeply. Taking her—al-

most carrying her into the chalet, he procured a piece of burning stick and with it ruthlessly burned the wound till the poor girl groaned again. His heart ached within him at the pain he had to cause, but he realised the importance of it.

A litter was improvised out of a chair and some poles, and the sick and now almost fainting girl was quickly carried down to the foot of the hill, where they left the *gharries*. Jumping in they returned as fast as possible to the Alexandra hotel, a wayside hostelry that had somewhat the appearance of a Swiss chalet. Here they procured brandy with which, in spite of her protestations, Miss Armstrong was liberally plied as they drove back to town, and hurried aboard the *Centaur*.

That night the wounded girl was delirious, and the finger was much swollen and inflamed, while up the fair white arm red lines of inflamed lymphatics were visible.

For two days Dr. Cameron was unremitting in his attention, then gradually the symptoms began to abate, until by the time they were

well out in the Indian ocean, Miss Armstrong, weak and nervously unstrung, but otherwise well, was about again—all danger past.

No, not *all* danger, for Indian seas, and idle hours, the languor of summer days and the romance of moonlight nights, when shared by two young people of opposite sexes and appropriate ages, bound to one another, moreover, on the one hand by the deepest gratitude, and on the other by a stern and inflexible sense of "duty" and responsibility for the welfare of a solemnly committed charge, have a subtle and insinuating danger of their own.

And so it chanced that in ways that most folk of mature age know from experience, and any attempt to describe to others would necessarily be futile, a sort of subtle and indefinable sympathy grew up between these two. It didn't show itself in anything special. Solitude for Miss Armstrong's comfort; a little more agony of mind than was strictly proportionate to the circumstance if her chair cushion were awkwardly placed, or there were not enough shade,—on his side; and a little deeper

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inflection of gratitude than the mere civility really called for when she thanked him for some ordinary trifle, which any well-bred man would have done for a woman, on hers. That was all. But then at sea the world is so small—limited to the area of a small deck that you can walk all round in a few minutes, that your likes and dislikes become intensified out of all due proportion.

If you want to know a person's inner character, go on a long sea voyage with them. What you don't know about them at the end of that voyage, isn't there to be known. Marriages starting from a long acquaintance on board ship, it has been remarked, are usually happy. The explanation is not far to seek. The couple come in contact at all times and under all sorts of circumstances, and their characters are fully brought out in their worst as well as their best aspects—particularly if the voyage happen to be a wearisome or dangerous one. Consequently such couples have something more than a Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes sort of idea of each other.

During the day, after he had finished his round, inspected quarters, seen the duty sick at the dispensary, and made his report to the Captain, Dr. Cameron spent most of his time on the poop, lying lazily on a deck chair alongside hers, bringing her iced drinks, or reading to her sometimes a novel, sometimes something from one of his favourite poets. Occasionally, too, more serious literature claimed their attention. The old essayists were not forgotten, and much interest and instruction they had in comparing their views on various social problems. For Miss Armstrong had views of her own. They were not obtruded with the strident pertinacity of the "new woman," who, by the way, was not a household word in those days. They were not an *omnium gatherum* of other people's opinions, cut into little scraps and entirely severed from any organic connection with the philosophic or mental basis of the mind from whom they had been appropriated, and which alone gave them any value—they were her *own* views, formed on her own lines of thought

as a result of mental processes, firmly held "for reasons," but ready to be discarded if those reasons should be shown to be inadequate. She had at the same time, however, a modest diffidence as to the comparative value of her mental processes with those of other people of wider range and greater experience, and consequently she never obtruded them, though approached nicely, and with some tact and sympathy they were easily drawn out. Needless to say, Archie did approach her nicely, and with some tact and sympathy. He was just the right kind of a man at the right age to do so.

But if the days were delightful, how much more so were the lovely nights, when the heat of the sun was gone, and the cool, balmy air was in itself a dream of rest. Steadily and with absolutely no motion, save the tremor of the screw, the *Centaur* glided ghostlike through the vast expanse of water, whose surface was smooth as a sheet of glass. The brilliant moon, whose silvery radiance threw a pathway of light upon the water, could not but call forth that emotional tenderness, ever and rightly associated by the poets with her presence; while curling aside from the bows or extending for a mile in the wake, a faint fairy-like phosphorescence lent the charm of weirdness to the scene.

On such a night as this, about a fortnight after leaving Penang, Archie and Miss Armstrong were seated alone on the poop. The other passengers had mostly retired—they were few in number anyway, it being past 10 o'clock.

Archie had that day finished reading aloud George Fleming's *Nile Novel*. It is a charming book whose slight plot consists in the psychological study of a new vigorous love supplanting in a young girl's mind the emotional fancy which had led to a prior engagement. Miss Armstrong had been singularly quiet all day. Usually displaying, at least occasionally through her sedateness, flashes of mischievous nonsense from the sheer exuberance of life, she had gradually, during the reading of the novel, fallen into a quiet and reflective mood.

"How beautiful it is," said Archie meditatively.

"And how romantic," added Miss Armstrong.

Archie looked keenly at her as she lay back there in her chair, her face resting on her hand, and her eyes following the moon's track on the water, with a dreamy far off look.

And then a sudden determination took possession of him. Reverting to the discussion on the *Nile Novel*, he gradually unfolded to her the history of his unfortunate engagement, and its abrupt termination in so unexpected a manner at Singapore. She listened with gentle interest and sighed.

The sigh gave him courage and hope. "Miss Armstrong—Dorothy—" he began, and his hand stretched forth to take hers in its clasp. But with a frightened look she drew it back. Then seeing the look of pain and surprise in his face, she placed her hand a moment on his shoulder and said:

"Forgive me if I have misled you; I know what you were going to say. You must not say it, my friend, indeed you must not."

"But why?" he asked in surprise.

"I will tell you in a minute. But first let me clear myself of an imputation of heartlessness. We have grown to be such friends, such dear friends, in this short time that I ought to have guessed how it all might end. But I did not until to-day. I was so happy in the consciousness of our friendship, that I did not stop to think, to analyse. And then when you were reading to-day, something in your manner told me that you were strangely disturbed—and—and—I guessed then, not only your present feeling, but something of what you have now told me of your past. A woman's intuition is so quick, so much more searching than a man's—"

"But why, dear, must you stop my words before they are spoken—"

"They have been spoken all day, my friend—"

"But you are not indifferent to me, I am sure of it. I, too, have seen that which

would surely bid me hope. You would not have me think you a flirt, a coquette?"

"Ah! no, no, a thousand times no," she replied, burying her face in her hands. "What shall I say? How can I explain? I am not free," she said, and there was the sound of a sob in her voice.

"Then be free," he replied, "you love me, it is no use denying it, I can see it. I, too, have eyes. You have no right to cling to a pledge given under other conditions. It is as unfair, as unjust to him as to me."

"Don't, for heaven's sake don't," she answered. "Listen and I will tell you all about it. He is my cousin. At my mother's death (my father died when I was quite a baby), my widowed aunt, his mother, took care of me and brought me up with all a mother's care and love. She was rich, and Wilfred, my cousin, was her only child. He was wayward and spoiled, and only my childish influence had any control over him. Many a time when his wild and reckless behaviour threatened to break his mother's heart, she would come to me and beg me to plead with him. And for a while it would succeed. He always spoke of me as his little sweetheart, and I suppose we grew up considering ourselves engaged."

"On my aunt's deathbed, she called us both to her side. She implored him to change his reckless ways. The boy was touched. He kissed his mother and said, 'Dorothy will look after me, mummy; won't you Dorothy?' My aunt's eyes rested on my face with an eager, questioning gaze. 'You will marry me, won't you Dorothy, and keep me straight?' he asked. Again my aunt's eyes looked at me imploringly. I was young then, only seventeen, and scarcely understood, but I said 'yes.'"

"And then my poor, dear aunt-mother died. I bore with him for two years. At one time he would be good and kind and penitent, and bid me fix the day, but in a week he was as bad as ever again, and I positively refused to marry him until he changed. At length, one day, he behaved vilely to me. I cast him aside, and went away as a governess, but he found me out, and came to me so penitent that

I consented to give him one more trial. I would go away for two years, I said, and if, when I returned, I found him changed for the better, I solemnly pledged myself to fulfill my word and marry him. He wrote to me often, though more irregularly of late, and I am now going home to fulfill my pledge. I felt I had done a weak and foolish thing at the time, for as I grew older I knew there was no love, and I dreaded a loveless married life; but what could I do? And now, Archie, you will not add to my bitter grief—my hopeless future, this further unendurable pang?"

Archie was silent. He let the hand which he had taken fall to her side.

"Speak, Archie, for heaven's sake say something," she said.

"What can I say?" he replied. "Nothing that I can say will help you."

"Say at least," she answered, "that you forgive me for having let things make this possible. My dear, don't you see that it is your pain which is grieving me now, even more than my own."

His lips grew firm and he started to speak, then with a sudden burst of uncontrolled emotion, he said: "Tell me at least you do love me. That I have not been living all this time in a mansion built of my own folly."

She sighed wearily. Then stretching out her hand she said with a wistful smile, "since the fact is there, I suppose it can add nothing to the misery or the wrong by saying so. Yes, Archie, I do love you, and how hopeless it all is."

"And yet you persist in sacrificing——"

"Archie," she interrupted hurriedly, "is this generous? I have told you it is impossible. You compel me to admit my feelings, and then you use them as a means to extort from me——"

"God forbid," he answered quickly. "Forgive me, I was wrong, and I am sorry."

"I do forgive you. Now, as it is getting chilly, I think I will go below," she said.

Without a word, Archie picked up her belongings and escorted her down below. He pressed her hand gently as he said good bye;

there was a hesitation, a tremor, then, for a moment their lips met and he was gone.

* * * * *

On the deadly dulness of that voyage. Since that night, Cameron had as much as possible avoided being alone with Miss Armstrong. He was kind and gentle and attentive as ever, but always reserved and distant. She would have had him be with her more frequently, and read and converse with her as of old; for a woman often clings to that idea of "friendship," which seems so impossible to a man when once it has been transmuted by the mischievous god's magic touch, but Archie knew himself well enough to realise that it must be love or nothing with him.

And so the days sped on, bringing weariness and heartache to both of them. The other passengers speculated about it, and wagged their heads wisely and whispered platitudes about "lovers' quarrels," and wondered how much longer they would keep it up.

And one by one they passed the landmarks Gardafui, Perim, Jeb El Tier, "The Brothers' Lighthouse," Shadwan, and all those uninteresting places that nevertheless, by way of marking progress, cause no little excitement to voyagers on board ship.

The Red Sea with its intolerable heat, its stifling atmosphere was traversed, and low-lying Suez was in sight.

At Suez the sanitary officer came on board, and although the vessel had been twenty-one days at sea, persisted in regarding one of Cameron's cases of sick seamen as "possibly infectious," and promptly quarantined the *Centaur* for forty-eight hours for supervision before letting her enter the canal.

How small an accident sometimes changes the tide of life. Archie was roundly indignant, as much so as Captain Blake, at the unwarrantable delay.

He chafed because it meant so much longer detention in close connection with one whose presence, because it could not be his, had now become almost insupportable to him. Yet had he had his way, and had the *Centaur* gone without detention through the canal, she

would have left Port Said before the mails arrived, and proceeding straight home without any further stoppage, Archie Cameron and Dorothy Armstrong might have drifted apart forever.

But fate orders things strangely. They passed through the canal with its sandy banks and its little "gares," or stations, and in due time arrived at Port Said. There they found a bundle of mail awaiting the *Centaur*.

Archie scanned his letters eagerly, and flushed as he saw one in the well-known handwriting.

He opened it hurriedly and read:

FRIVOLITY THEATRE, LONDON,
April 10th, 1890.

My Dear Archie:—

My previous letter, which you have no doubt received by this time, will "soften the blow" I am about to inflict. The accompanying paper will inform you of my marriage, and I write now, merely to emphasize what I then stated, viz., that unless you elect to take huff at the wisest thing I ever did for you and myself, I hope we shall remain friends, and

that you will give us the pleasure of seeing you in the near future. On your return be a good fellow and call on me at the Frivolity, and tell me you wish me happiness.

Yours always sincerely,

ISABELLE.

Mechanically Archie turned to the paper and opening it saw the announcement on the first page of the *Times*, under the head of "Marriages": "On the 4th inst. at St. Saviour's, Kensington, Wilfred Gervase, of Boyle House, Ealing, to Isabelle Strange ("Belle Montgomery"), of the Frivolity Theatre, London." It was marked and outlined in ink.

They remained some hours at Port Said, but neither Dr. Cameron nor Miss Armstrong went ashore. Sitting on the poop, in the afternoon, Miss Armstrong said:

"Dr. Cameron, you have quite forsaken me of late."

He came over and placed his chair alongside of hers.

"Not intentionally," he said, "I have not been quite myself of late."

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She looked quickly at him. "You will never forgive me for having misled you," she said.

"There is nothing to forgive," he replied with rather a hard forced laugh. "Eels get used to skinning, they say."

"Don't, please don't talk like that," she rejoined. "Cannot you see how you humiliate me? Even if I am to blame, you would not do that."

This rebuke brought a flush to his brow. "Forgive me," he said, "I am a little irritated, just now. I have no right to be, but I suppose it is my pride that is hurt."

"You have had some bad news?" she interposed quickly, after glancing at his face.

"No, not bad news, nor altogether unexpected news," he said. "You remember what I told you of my prior engagement. Well, I received this, this morning," and he handed her the *Times*. "A few weeks or two ago it would have come as a relief. Now, my regret is not for the fact, but for the knowledge that it is useless to me." And rising from his chair, he turned and leant over the taffrail.

Suddenly he heard a startled gulp. He looked round. She was staring at the paper with wide-open eyes.

"What is it?" he asked. "No bad news, I hope?"

"No," she replied, and her voice was strained and unreal. "No bad news, but unexpected news."

The paper fell to her lap. She sat silent awhile, and he, not daring to interrogate her for what she did not choose to express, watched her silently.

Presently, in a semi-unconscious mood, she began playing with her rings. Finally she took one off—a plain gold band with three rubies imbedded—from the third finger of her left hand, and toyed with it awhile.

"Have you heard of a death?" he asked in low sympathetic tones.

"No—a—a—marriage," she replied in a voice he scarcely knew. Suddenly she turned to him, "It is your paper, and it is marked, tell me," she said, "who is Isabelle Strange?"

"The woman I was engaged to," he replied. Then suddenly a wild idea shot through his brain.

"Who is Wilfred Gervase?" he asked.

Her voice trembled a little, but her face smiled nevertheless, as she said, "The man I promised to marry," and with that she threw the ring, with which she had been playing, over the side.

He rushed to her side. "Darling," he said, "Can this be true?"

"There is no mistake," she replied, "read this," and she handed him a note. The letter was bitter and cruel, and the caligraphy suggestive of anything but total abstinence from alcoholic liquors. One sentence stood out like fire in Archie's eyes: "I give you the freedom you will no doubt welcome. I am going to marry a girl who won't be so damned particular as you are about a fellow enjoying himself a bit."

Archie returned the letter. Then he said:

"Dorothy, Miss Armstrong," (it was "Miss Armstrong," "Dorothy," before), "I asked you a question——"

"I did not hear it," she said and smiled.

"You stopped me," he rejoined, "before I had time—Dorothy, my love," he broke out, "you know I——"

But I am not going to write any more. The man or woman who cannot fill in the rest of this story has my deepest sympathy.

MILNER KENNE.

The editor acknowledges with thanks, *Dunsmuir News*, *Marin Press*, *Los Angeles Investor*, *Searchlight*, *Shasta Courier*, *Leicester Advertiser*, *Black & White*, *Sporting Times*, *Los Angeles Express*, *St. Mary's Hospital Gazette*, *McCloud River Salmon Fly*.

"Next time I speak to Blank I'll tell him what a scoundrel I think him," said Paderewski.

"I shouldn't if I were you," said Bluff, "he might kick you."

"Is his leg the length of our telephone wire?" asked Paderewski.

ON THE TRACK.

Mr. J. M. Simpson visited his home in Eureka, Humboldt County, during June and returned to Keswick greatly recuperated. He said on his return that the effect of the heat was most noticeable as regards the Staff of the *Smelter*.

The Hon. E. Sweeny, Dr. Stevenson, and Mr. Jno. W. Hare visited us during the week.

Mr. "Bob" Macdermid went for a short vacation to San Francisco to enjoy metropolitan life. He would have liked to have stayed at Gridley.

Mr. H. Pinckney Winslow went home in June. We envy him the privilege of once more attending Henley Regatta—that most delightful of all the "events" of summer in England.

Mr. H. M. Keller the new smelter manager arrived from Montana last month.

A party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jones, Miss Eaton and others called during the latter part of June. A *Smelter* correspondent joined the party on their return home, and the moonlight drive was muchly enjoyed.

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The "Fourth" passed off very quietly at Keswick, most of the Staff having taken advantage of the kind privilege granted them by the directors, Messrs. H. I. Wenham and C. W. Fielding, to be away until Tuesday morning. Messrs. Truman and Coleman visited friends at Sweet Briar Camp. Dr. Kenneth Millican, Messrs. Keller, Wise, and Harvey-Wray visited that beautiful spot, the Tower House. Messrs. Wilson, Mudd, and Menzies essayed to climb Shasta, but owing to a heavy "Scotch mist," remained at Sisson.

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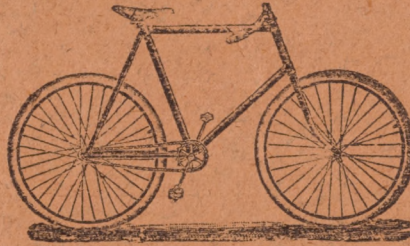
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